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R I E N Z I.

*Presented to the Honble Society of
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RIENZI: 6th June 1883.



AN

AESTHETIC AND HISTORICAL POEM.

BY

T. STANLEY ROGERS, B.A., LL.B.,

STUDENT OF LINCOLN'S-INN.

'The true code of nature, if there be one, is in the future and not in the past :
the true development of mankind is only consistent with the total abolition of
spiritless forms.'

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TO
JAMES WHEATER AND ALICE WHEATER,
THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN TO HIM MORE THAN FATHER AND MOTHER,

This small Book

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF GRATEFUL ESTEEM,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CHASELEY, HESKETH PARK, SOUTHPORT,
July 12, 1882.



THE ARGUMENT.

AMONG the most vicious effects of the modern crusade against those forms of faith and aspiration which have hitherto preserved in varying degrees of development the co-operation of individuality with society, may be observed an increasing tendency towards limitations of individuality by the intolerance of majorities. Solitude is the only atmosphere in which genius can draw its early breath: the amount of genius in a community may thus be estimated proportionally to those opportunities for self-communion which its social instincts allow.

But in an age when material and intellectual progress is accelerated to a speed which allows no time for sur-

veying usefully the corresponding change in the phenomena of human nature, this divine spirit is quenched in the voluminous folds of materialism expanding mechanically.

Having crushed out of its nature all those higher and diviner sympathies which elevate human nature to higher ideals, society now militates against their existence in individuals.

While the giants of material and intellectual progress move on with rapid strides, poor human nature, unable to keep up with the pace, and chilled by the strange atmosphere, is turned into an iceberg. To stimulate the soul, and gain a clear idea of the value of individuality of character, faith, and feeling on contemporary societies acknowledging the motive force, it is necessary to study the character and influence of great men.

Both Hallam and Gibbon bear eloquent testimony to the influence of Rienzi over Italian aspirations and Roman society: the present writer wishes to depict him to the reader as a great man, whose character was specially marked by the aesthetic emotions. The pre-

sent writer has also chosen to present to the reader his own theory of an education by which human nature may become more aesthetic.

The presence of a soul is not marked by the advised assumption of absurd postures indicating emotions characteristic of a state of civilization that is as dead as its spirit. The heroic may not be mingled with the artificial, save in burlesque!

The present writer, then, wishes humbly to present a theory by which human nature—in his opinion—could be elevated: this he has endeavoured to do in the opening lines of the poem, to which the following remarks may be supplemented:—

Human life is the most sacred of those earthly associations by which the individual is surrounded: its elevation is the noblest task of fellow-existence. In the most degraded and debased natures may be traced germs of noble aspirations that have never been allowed to expand—sometimes from the fault of the individual, sometimes from the prejudices of a materialized society, poisoning character as it develops. Now every increase

in material or intellectual wealth should rightly be followed by a corresponding increase in aspiration.

As society advances, the absolute amount of wealth increases, and its dissemination becomes more general among the portion whose general culture is less marked by aspirations than those whose expansive contact with refinement has attained an education which refines the mind, popular opinion becomes the ruling power of a state where representative institutions have expanded their ramifications to the utmost limits of daring.

This popular opinion—at the best often a shallow vein of sentimental ignorance with which lower minds view the thoughts of higher minds—is considered here as the embodiment of aspirations in the self-applied in judgment of those of others. Thus the healthful education of any considerable section of popular opinion is the noblest and most enduring monument of a statesman.

No healthful state of faith can coincide with the existence of what has lost its spirit: an extinct volcano is no longer a volcano! Hence progress is essential to sectional improvements in mankind. But the healthiest

progress, and that most compatible with the general improvement of human nature, is that degree of progress which is educated by principles of faith and loyalty.

Among the most healthful political ramifications of the active principle of loyalty is that healthful spirit of conservation which refuses to hand over the endangered interests of a society to sentimental empirics, who wish to cure the complaints of a class with quack remedies, injuring the morality of the whole system.

Another important offshoot is the principle of patriotism—a principle which especially confers a general dissemination of nobility: this of course should be guided from the fog-banks of sentimental empiricism by the warning voice of reason to an education in a sense of justice. It is, however, the essential element of permanent consolidation, and consolidation is the true basis of empire.

Peace, moreover, is considered as the fruit of healthful consolidation, being, in an individual nation, the harmony of popular sentiment with rational statesmanship. Race, religion, sensibility, praescription, are cri-

teria to be estimated in judging the value and stability of those consolidations which form societies or empires.

An intellectual substratum, overshadowed by a brutal and non-progressive superstratum, and debarred from enjoying that degree of law and liberty corresponding to their sensibility and aspirations, being an anomaly to such peace and stable consolidation, is deemed a rational object of sympathy from imperial statesmanship to the extent of stimulating conservative progress in such society.

Finally, great confidence is placed in the influence of lofty ideals on national character. Let the statesman who wishes to elevate contemporary society like Rienzi, lift up the standard of justice, nobility, progress, and patriotism, and with 'Excelsior' as his motto let him find the echoes of his soul respond to the awakened energies of world-famed merchants, nature-conquering navigators, hero warriors and sailors, soul-imbibing literates, and, lastly, the majestic voice of dignified labour. This is viewed as the rational issue of Faith and Loyalty.



R I E N Z I .

THOSE vulgar fetters which contract the mind,
 Restrain all higher thoughts, expand the brute
In man ; O muse inspire Time with his scythe
To cleave ! Thus elevate the thoughts of man,
Ennobilize the soul ; from earthy taints 5
And grossness purify ! Let virtue smile
To see a glorious land where freedom's breath
Breeds up a manly race of noble sons,
Whose aspirations rise above the mould
Of sordid earth, and link in forceful faith 10
Their wills to that long chain of wills by which
The great Supreme directs the universe !
Thus Freedom lifts man's soul above the sod,
Ennobling mind and will in harmony :
Curbed appetites and modified desires 15
Bend down to reason, while unruly thoughts
Dare not defile the pure and stately shrine
Wherein revering faith securely dwells.
Behold the prospect of a happy race
Ruled by the truly great ! Aye, breathe, O muse, 20

One flash of that grand fire which once inspired
Heroic souls to tread the thornful path
Of fame ! Revive that healthful energy
Of soul which glowed in the heroic past !
Enkindle commerce-fettered herdes to feel 25
A higher destiny for man ; teach them
To civilize the soul beside the mind—
Implant a love of race beside of self !
From God our souls proceed ; to him return
At last when purified through circling worlds, 30
To meet a judge and find an age-long peace,
Or wail in age-long woes. Each soul at length
Must find its mate, predestined in accord
And sympathy immutable : so each
Yearns more or less to meet a second self, 35
Though few may rise to realize this lot.
To some a faithful patience yields reward,
And kindred souls scorn their material bonds,
While elevation gleams from soulful eyes,
Immortal beauties beam from earth-dwarfed forms, 40
And aspirations with gigantic force
Leave their impress on men—the plastic mould.
Those hardening forces of material life,
Which fain would root all faith in the unseen
From out the famished mind and timid heart, 45

Shrink down before a noble heart and mind,
While sensibility's poetic veil
Hides all their grossness. This refining force
May mark the age, or with o'erwhelming strength
The age may mark the man ; though from itself 50
Each age must own its man ; while thought, being free,
Will soar on high, in intellectual types,
Though matter revels in its sense-bound stye.
The secret of ascendancy o'er men—
The truest impress by which noble gifts 55
May mark the plastic character of herdes—
Is an ennobling gift of sympathy
Which makes the highest and the lowliest feel
New love for good, respect for what is great
In mind and soul combined—a mystic spell 60
And thrill magnetic running through the veins
Unto the soul in will-o'erpowering trance—
A breath of aspiration to catch up
The axe of justice, and with strenuous stroke
Hew down the giant foes of freedom, and 65
Find union of soul in all mankind.
Thus, when enthusiastic thrill pervades
The active nerves in noble chords sublime—
Ennobilizing avenues of thought,
The feelings, sensitive to dwarfened thought, 70

Are raised to eloquence by sympathy,
Or stung to perseverance by the taunt.
Seek unity of soul : like that of love,
When eye meets eye in speechless eloquence ;
When charity quick casts her snowy veil 75
O'er faults obscured ; or, when the pure of heart
Tempt foul corruption to a higher path.
Ideals may be high, but lacking warmth
Of sympathy with men, in vain entice
The spirit of the age. The manly soul 80
Of generous pride, by forceful freedom bred,
Departs ; when luxury, the subtle snake,
Warmed at the hearth of freedom and success,
Turns on its hosts, instilling discontent,
And chill distrust : a despot with his chains 85
May curb distrustful anarchy ; he sounds
The knell of freedom, and his subjects hail
Servility—the moral bane of dwarfs.
There, like the rose that on Peræa blooms,
Those have no share save in sad Hades' halls, 90
Whose intellect and soul would seek for fame
Elsewhere than 'mid the shades—as blighted flowers,
Lost in the silent tomb. 'Twas thus at Rome
When ancient forms had spent their force : the child
Had grown beyond his clothes : the youth was wild : 95

His manhood must be checked. The form of rule
Was changed in spirit—despotism sprung
From sluggish-spirited decay : at length
The empire found a daughter, whose fair charms
Of situation, peace, security, 100
Promised neglect unto her mother Rome.
Ambitious bishops claim the vacant seat
Of Constantine : intestine feuds precede
The ravening wolves outside : the times grow grim,
And barbarism threatens to efface 105
Past culture. To its infancy, amid
The bonds of circumstance, the western mind
Returns. Gifts grafted by prosperity
In ancient greatness, furnish splendid hoards
To hide a present poverty : until, 110
Like as an ancient matron, whose grey locks
A pitying breeze plies o'er her wasted cheeks,
And whose torn rags shamed her nobility,
Old Rome mourned o'er the past. Those ancient piles,
Whose granite strength had coped with Time, but serve 115
As quarries to refound : harsh bigots scorn
The claims of heathen art, and zealots doom
The hope of former devotees pourtrayed
In matchless monuments. Stern chaos casts
Her aegis o'er foul deeds of savage spite ; 120

Oblivious darkness mantles o'er the mind.
Effeminacy licenses desire,
And simpler races haste to take the place
Of worthless Romans : Odin's curse will work,
And Baldur's death removes the power of grace 125
From lust barbaric : savage Lombards hurl
Their strength upon the state, and threaten Rome.
Dread in its prestige, though abased and weak,
Rome calls the mighty Pepin o'er the Alps,
And his yet greater son unto the crown. 130
But little lustre from the ' Papal sun '
May reach ' th' imperial moon ' : the emperor lives
Elsewhere, and eastern envy scorns his name,
While Rome denies all entrance to his force.
At last the frequent feuds of rival lords 135
O'erpress the Pope, and turn the cross of gold
To one of wood : the harps of Israel
Are hung on willows by the sluggish streams
Of Babylon : the Popes desert their place,
Menaced by ingrate insult and brute force, 140
After the Papal snake had wreathed its coils
Around the Swabian eagle. Faction raged
In a disordered state. Through Brescia bid
Her Arnold with his silvern tones persuade,
Or though Crescentius with his iron flail 145

Coerce the fickle mob, the crude support
Knew not the pride of inborn majesty.
Old memories are coloured to vain hopes.
Vain hopes ! The soul and empire of past Rome
Could not descend to sordid hirelings. 150
‘ Take back your German titles, give us Rome—
Rome as it was, great, glorious, and free—
The mistress of the world, the very heart
Through which the life-blood of a servient world
Would throb.’ Alas, the plaintive echo mocks ! 155
Their cry but lingers round the mouldering tombs,
Amid the harvest of a nation’s tears,
In stilted agony of noble souls.
The Romans of Rienzi’s day, nameless
Posterity of eunuchs, born and bred 160
To cringe and tremble ’neath a noble’s frown,
Could play a jackal’s part, ply fretting woes
On dying lions. Thus the dregs survived
To prove the soul of Romulus yet lived ;
But streams of envious blood enriched the land 165
With teeming crops, ere its warped soul and mind
Could rise from slothful depths with energy
More pure, to pant for freedom, and to hope
Again. Meanwhile Rienzi, and the few
In whom majestic memories survived, 170

Lacked sympathy enduring from the age,
Steeped low in grossness 'mid its high ideals.
The task was vain, but bravely tried the few,—
As heroes breasting fierce opposing waves,
Not as men floating with advancing tides 175
Of sympathy: the lives gleam from the gloom.
Youth of great men, chaste seed-time of crude thought,
When care's rude blast is tempered by the smile
Of that high foresight which affects their path,—
When, as the snowdrop basking in the sun, 180
Opes out its petals to the morning beam,—
Their ardent fancy kindles every thought
Into a sentiment, each sentiment
Into a passion, which receptive minds
Quick centre in connecting chains of thought— 185
Unfold the page of history, show to us
The page Rienzi, entering like the fox,
To reign as lordly lion, and to die
The death of dogs. Ill poised in character,
With great ideas to fit a little state, 190
And eloquence to charm an ardent mob,
He might, like Midas, elevate by touch
The baser elements: a gilded crust
Soon wears away: the base alloy peeps out
Through crevices. Within the ghetto, 'mid 195

The slime and filth of centuries, was born
Rienzi, in a busy inn, whose wealth
Obtained an education for its heir.
The genius showed its mark on men : a youth
Was famed for learning 'mid degenerate age. 200
Respected talents won their way above
The common herd : as deputy from Rome,
Among a servile throng, with mien erect,
All towering 'mid his mean and sordid friends,
Before the throne of Papacy, he stood ; 205
Then, like a lion, in his boldest tones,
Denounced the thieves and robbers, whose grave crimes
Had stained the very altar: Stunned, amazed,
His friends exult and tremble, turn by turn,
To see the Pope observant, and the frowns 210
Of Cardinal Colonna, whose bad word
Dooms to disgrace ; but pity wins the heart,
Where talents win respect : Colonna's aid
Regains the Pope's goodwill : as notary
Of papal taxes, with the wished reforms, 215
Rienzi soon returns. Won by a bribe
Of promised savings in collecting dues,
The Roman people mark the democrat
Who promises reforms, security,
Peace, and their ancient greatness. Rival lords 220

Must cease to vex their trade : the jubilee
Must welcome strangers to a peaceful state.
With his rich stores of glorious precedents
Rienzi warms their fancy, from the past,
And trains dull discontent to rise in hope. 225
One morn a gaping crowd stand thick around
A picture, limn'd mystery ; wherein
Wolves, bears, and lions belched a deadly storm
Upon four fated barks : the fifth survives.
Let shy Pandulpho feel a Daniel's fire, 230
While anxious crowds with bated breath drink in
His words ! Rienzi's friend feels all his fire.
' Behold the ruins of the past, Cathay,
Troy, Solyma, and Babylon the great !
Proud Rome still breasts the storm : O save the fifth 235
From nobles, councillors, and parasites !
Once freed from this dire drag, our stately ship
Will with a lurch rise high above the surge
Which now o'erwhelms her decks, and rends the planks
Of stout Apulian pine in twain. Take heart of grace ! 240
Seek ye your hope ! Behold on high e'en now
Your patron saints, with flaming swords, extend
A promised judgment.' Thus the scholar spake.
Absorbed in new-born hopes his hearers rise
From dreamy reverie, under his wand 245

To greet his eloquence with ringing cheers.
Like Icarus, his soaring wings of wax
Melt 'neath the noontide glare : his fire once spent,
The modest scholar shrinks amid the crowd
Who own a moving spirit in his friend. 250
Rienzi plies all sail upon the breeze,
And on the impulse of combinéd strength
Becomes the Tribune, and the rostrum greets
A Cicero once more. Rienzi speaks :
The buzzing idlers hush, the kindling eye 255
Of ardent admiration from some friend,
Or waving handkerchiefs and winning smiles
From women, have no power over the soul
Buoyed up to mightier aims. ' I am the man
Whom Brutus sought in vain : this is the hour 260
Wherein the rod of freedom buds again.
Henceforth the ancient rights of Rome revive,
While from her swoon the sleeping maiden wakes
To breathe the healthful blast of liberty.
O Romans, 'twas for you the two-edged sword 265
And stately pilum in your fathers' hands
Won captive worlds : they knew no other lords
Than those elect by their consent : to you
These rights descend ! Why look abroad ? Hath Rome
No worthy sons ? In Roman virtues seek 270

The fame of ancient Rome, and purge the state.
O for one spark of that old spirit which
Expelled the Tarquins from a virtuous state !
Behold our Tarquins in embattled homes,
Sucking the life-blood of your hopes ! A curse 275
May light upon their heads ! Henceforth, as long
As we have power and you have unity,
The arm of justice shall pervade the state.
Here publish we the code of needful laws—
Needful to our estate. If patriots feel 280
A sense of justice 'mid their high ideals,
And with a vigorous energy unite,
The basis of an empire's formed anew.
On kindred aims and patriot feeling rests
Our confidence. No more the grinding tax 285
Shall take a living from the honest poor !
No more shall churlish chivalry tread down
The poorest that can say unto himself :
" I am a Roman, born to rule the world."'
Upon the discontented fall such words 290
Like showers which quench the thirst of parched shrubs,
When drought threatens them. As golden apples, set
In silvern pictures, please the cultured taste,
So kindred aspirations win the ear ;
But when the icy breeze has curbed in sleep 295

The stream once bounding down its mountain course,
Soon vernal beams of sunshine kindle life
To energy ; a raging torrent swells,
The snows disperse, and gaping gulfs disclose
A fated valley : down with fearful force 300
The heedless river speeds : a cot engulfed,
Forgets its place : destruction's direful hand
Effaces landmarks. So intense a power
Rest in an orator who pleads with men
The cause of race. The fateful day is o'er. 305
Rienzi seeks repose embalmed in hope—
Repose from turmoil, and with hasty step
Makes for his palace and the lovely bride
Won from a poor patrician house by force
Of station, when the warmth of early love 310
Could add incentives. With a new-born state,
The proud Raselli shine amid their peers
Again : the haughty Nina, kindred soul
To her aspiring lord, queen'd it right well
Amid her peers. The ceremonial pomp 315
And gorgeous splendour of the Tribune's court
Outdazzled envious nobles ; and the power
Of justice, when enforced by stern decrees,
Supported by unyielding force, restored
Security in Rome. A strong police 320

Patrol the city. Threatening donjons fall
Unto the ground : unfortified, their lords
Must seek their safety in the law : for quick
To arms a trained militia greet the call
Which signals tumult. Outer roads are safe. 325
Meanwhile the leading nobles far away
Hear the unwelcome news : proud Stephen, chief
Of the Colonna, jeers at new-blown state
And upstart majesty : Corneto's towers
Fade from the view of his swift-speeding force. 330
They pass the dank Sabatine, through Caeres and
Through Veii to the great Flaminian road,
Whence crossing Tiber far above the walls
Of Rome, they face the Pincian gate at last.
The city walls are manned, the gates are barr'd, 335
And grim defiance waits the lordly jeer.
A sudden signal, and a savage crowd,
Half-armed, and furious to revenge old wrongs,
Pour from the opening gate : with fierce cries
And clashing arms they marshal in array 340
Beneath the azure flag : a sudden charge,
A fierce conflict, and the flood of men
Pours on : the dam is swept in headlong flight
For miles. At last the barons halt, consult
What should be done ; and cunning wins the ear 345

Where force had failed. Rienzi's power is owned :
Peace is secured : the Tribune's power extends :
O'er Latian lands a wand enchanted waves,
And shrieking discord calms herself in peace.
As when amid a forest, where high trees 350
With thick entwining boughs of sapless growth
Spread out a canopy of withered leaves
In sunless gloom upon the deadened grass,
And fright the birds into repose by spell
Of evil genius resident, a bold 355
Knight errant rides ; and soon his well-trained steed
Scents danger, and with sudden shudder starts,
Rears on its haunches ; and its rider sees
Five soaring oaks, in walled enclosure, form
A natural fort : upon their branches grin 360
A ghastly row of skulls, whose kindred bones
Are strewn beneath. Here the destroyer's den.
The parting boughs disclose a dreadful face
With fiery eyes and grinning teeth : an arm,
Coal black, of giant size, outstretched 365
Darts forth to seize the puny foe. Too late !
The active bow has sent its messenger : a bound,
A yell, a crash—and showers of broken twigs
Unite with clouds of dust : a sudden light
Breaks out : the hero sees his mighty foe 370

Roll on the ground in agony : the sun
Bursts out in noonday splendour, and the trees,
With sap renewed, grow green : the deadened grass
Turns velvety and fresh : the singing birds
Carol their freedom, and the evil spell 375
Is spent. Thus busy Rome forgets the times
Of turbulence, while pilgrims safely crowd
To the twin shrines : the frequent creak
Of loaded wains sounds in the echoes of
Dismantled strongholds frowning on the streets 380
Where commerce moves unfettered : o'er the towers
Of Capitol there waves the azure flag :
A city council meets : the Tribune's power
Is yet constrained : the distant Pope o'erawes
Rienzi's grand ideas : electoral rights 385
Must be reclaimed ; and here the interests clash.
Democracy can ill abide a caste,
And class-rights tremble when its ardour glows.
Religion is the base of stable states,
And charter of their ruling classes. Thus 390
True Liberty finds, in the nation's Church
Reforming with the spirit of the times,
Its lasting bulwark. Else in rival sects
A people's energies may waste, while they
Forget that social laws enjoin on man 395

Co-operation. So the Spartan band
United face a frowning world, and die
A death of deathless fame : stretched side by side,
Unyielding to the foe, they sank o'erwhelmed :
Sun-screening arrows pour in deadly showers 400
Upon the faithful band, while Persian hordes
Creep through the treacherous gorge : outflanked, betrayed
And doomed, the Sacred Band enrolled in fame
Their country's honour ! Such self-sacrifice
The Patriot must have ; self-interest wars 405
With honour ; and the danger 's more assured
Of its supremacy when commerce knits
All nations in a bond of unity.
The nation, as the man, must have a self ;
Or else in puny dwindling growth it sinks 410
Beneath a blight. Time, with relentless scythe,
Removes the sapless tree ; with wilder growths
Its former place is filled : these yield to care
Of cultured wisdom unto trained forms.
'Tis energy and will that move the world ! 415
Ye rulers cherish all those seeds of hope
That rest in youthful breasts, and then behold
A rich reward to move the sluggish blood
With a reviving force through time-worn veins
Of nations. When rash impulse sways the mind, 420

Ephemeral is resolve : so nations change
Their rulers, and decay, when no deep sense
Of statesmanship affects their will. To raise
A nation unto loftier aims, raise up
Its youth. Rienzi lacked the kindred souls, 425
Whose genius might have stemmed the fickle tide
Of ebbing favour in the mob. He lived
Before his time : a universal Church
O'ershadowed with its temporal power his aims,
For which a national Italian Church 430
Would serve. The gift of Constantine might bar
All ancient rights. A Papal thunderbolt
Could hurl an emperor from his native throne :
The lever of a Papal interdict
Could move the moral world. Those great reforms 435
Had yet to come, a Luther to arise,
Three rays of light to break amid the gloom
Of ignorance and sloth—aye, ages roll
Ere Italy could own a self. Meanwhile
The agents of reform climed up to power, 440
Like lonely gladiators, bearing arms
Against all comers, and the prey of fate.
Behold a boundless desert in the glare
Of sunlight streaming from a cloudless sky :
No shady tree nor shrub, no blade of grass 445

To break the tameness of wild solitude :
Amid the burning sand lie human bones
And gore-stained armour. O'er the endless plain,
With failing strength, three struggling wanderers speed :
The heaps of slain grow thicker, fiercer burns 450
The sun : with parching lips and blood-shot eyes,
With fevered skin, and horror at the heart—
The hopeless certainty of death at hand—
On speed the wanderers : two give way at last :
The third yet on endures : a nameless dread 455
Whispers exhaustion nearer at each step,
While yet a voice within buoys up his soul—
' Oh courage ! Yet a little while endure,
Accomplished then the task.' At length afar
Shone out a steady light, a mighty rock 460
Of granite gleaming in the glaring light
Grows on his view. With fainting steps at length
The wanderer seeks the rock, on which is writ
In golden letters ' Truth' : a mighty sword
Rests in a cleft : drawing the fateful brand, 465
The wanderer waves it thrice. Then, lo, a change !
A soft, pure light sweeps o'er the burning sky,
And blades of grass spring up : while stately trees
Uprising, cast a shadow o'er the plain.
The skeletons rise up as men-at-arms, 470

While horses start unto their feet and neigh.
Descend, O muse, to other themes : behold
How soars the pride of men who rise too fast
To notice well the dangers that they court !
In Maia's festive month, early one morn, 475
The sounding bell of Lateran attracts
A curious crowd inside the stately church :
Amid an envied court, in brilliant state,
The Tribune sits, with chain of state cast o'er
His mantle, on his chair of office, which 480
An azure velvet robe outspread conceals.
A gorgeous silken canopy of white,
Embroidered with rich saffron lace, descends
Unto the ground. Over a ruby suit,
The Tribune wears a rich blue mantle, with 485
Nine silvern stars around a golden sun.
The solemn music swells : the noble chords
Rise and descend, just as amid a storm,
When roaring winds sweep on the hurtling rain,
There comes a gentle subsidence, a hush 490
And calm succeed, and then again the blast
Renews its strength. The dying chords subside :
A pause ; and, ere the service can commence,
Rienzi rises 'mid a deathlike calm.
He speaks : the anxious crowds hang on his words :— 495

‘ We, soldier of the Holy Ghost, empowered
By this free people as their advocate,
Declare this Rome to be the capital
Of the World-empire, and the only seat
Of the World-Church ! We now declare henceforth 500
All cities of Ausonia are free !
The name of Roman is no empty sound :
In you by right all government should vest,
As in the ancient days. We now decree
Electoral rights, vest in the Romans and 505
Italian states : theirs also is the right
To choose an emperor. So we further cite
The noble Louis and the puissant Charles
To plead and prove their claims before our court
Ere Pentecost is o’er. We also cite 510
All foreign claimants to electoral rights—
The heritage of Romans—to declare
And prove their claims within the time we fixed.
We earnestly invite, and with respect
Would cite the presence of the Pontiff and 515
His court to their demesne. This is our will !
Go, heralds, publish in all legal form
These our citations !’ Murmurs of applause
Buzz through the crowd inside unto the throng
Outside, who, fired with zeal and hope, upraise 520

Three mighty shouts. The Tuscan envoys smile,
And those of the free states, with joy. Aghast,
In silent wonder and amaze, while mute,
The Roman barons and the Ghibbelins
Look on. Delirious with his rising hopes, 525
With swelling bosom and expanding form,
Rienzi draws his sword : he turns its blade
To three successive quarters of the globe,
And says in deep and solemn tones, by turn,
' This, too, is ours by ancient right of Rome !' 530
Enthusiasm of a dreamy kind,
Evolving gorgeous day-dreams, breeds a flame
Amongst the mob, who, with one shout, exclaim :
' The Lord is with Rienzi and our cause !'
The timid vicar of the absent Pope 535
Now vainly strives to gain the ear : seen by
Rienzi, his weak tokens of dissent
Had warned the watchful Roman ; ere he gains
His feet Rienzi signals, and the strains
Of solemn service burst upon the hush. 540
His time is past. Rienzi bids him wait
An explanation. Festive hours ensue :
The fountains flow with wine : the stately halls
Of Lateran—the Tribune's palace—bid
The passing stranger enter to the feast : 545

Six stout Lucanian oxen, in the square,
Are roasting 'fore the mighty fires : the guests
Of higher rank feast with the Tribune, and
The ladies with his haughty wife. Right gay
And merry are the mob. Within the hall 550
Sarcastic courtesies the barons ply
In vain. A subtle smile, masking his face,
Rienzi bandies jests. A plot to take
His life, stifle his state, restore the old
Disorders, and crush down democracy, 555
Has been unearthed. Here are the plotters drawn
Into the silken net, whose filmy threads
May hide the iron bonds. A subtle taunt
Awakes the stern rebuke : the mask of smiles
Gives place unto the vigour of just wrath. 560
With sudden stamp the Tribune marks the time
By an appointed signal, and his guards
Pour in upon the prey. Imprisoned there,
The guilty barons pass an anxious night :
Indignant pride strives with base fear. Next morn 565
Rienzi meets his council, and advice
Is asked as to the barons' fate. Forthwith
The scholarly Pandulpho : 'Let us act
With caution ; nor forget that these, the flower
Of our nobility, are held in awe 570

O'er Italy! To cut these off would be
Defacing the fair tree of our estate
By loss of a chief branch—a stain upon
Our new-born purple, and a dire offence
To all those generous and aspiring souls 575
O'er Italy, who, born of noble race,
Could ill espouse a cause stained by such deeds,
Revolting to their prejudice. Beware
The wrath of an insulted chivalry!'
This cautious voice of moderation wins 580
Small favour. Angry murmurs rise: then up,
With blustering mien, a pushing demagogue,
The braggart Baroncelli rises quick:
'Behold a Daniel sitteth in our midst,
A councillor, and this is sage advice! 585
If I, forsooth, when wandering through a wood,
Am rescued from the very jaws of some
Wild beast caught in a net, then, all at once,
Should I unloose his thongs, uncut the cords
Which gird my savage foe? Nay, how could I 590
Feel mercy for a cruel pest that feeds
Upon the law-abiding? Or, when safe,
Court certain death? Nay, rather slay the foe
Whose life breeds ruin to the "good estate!"
Just so, I say, cut off this traitorous brood 595

Of worthless seigneurs, who in times gone by
Have sucked the sap from out the noble tree
Of liberty! Let *Daniel* face a den
Of *lions*, 'tis for us to act like *men*
Of wisdom ; for the common good, consult 600
Nor think too much of seigneurs !' Loud applause
Bespoke assent from most. Then Astro rose,
A goldsmith, and Rienzi's bosom friend :
' Methinks, my friends, we measure not the crime
By its results ! How would our rising hopes 605
Descend if once their centre were removed !
Where is the mind to plan ; the heart to brave
The daggers of a thousand hands ; the soul
To warm our aspirations into hopes,
And guide our hopes to realizing fact ? 610
Great is the crime to plot against our hopes ;
But greater still, when black ingratitude
Grows grim : in Roman hearts then find your hope
And trust : nor fear these vermin pests of ours,
These robbers, ravishers, and faithless lords !' 615
The crowd outside shout ' Death : ' inside the cry
Meets with all favour ; but the statesman sees
The policy of caution, nor too soon
Stems back the tide ! ' We would be more than just
To these proud men. Not proud enough to shrink 620

From a base crime ! So rather let us seek
All generous dealing. Speak ! Have I been hard
And haughty to these stubborn men ? 'Tis well,
Some answer " no," while you, Pandulpho, say
I have. Then more—can they be won by wise 625
And generous usage ? Say !' Pandulpho nods
Assent. ' Ah, well, like Caesar let us try
To pardon ; aye, and turn our bitter foes
Into brave friends !'——' And perish, as he did !'
Replies a warning voice. Rienzi pales 630
With sudden fear, but bids his lictors bring
The barons into court : then his address :
' My lords, your sin in aiming at my life
Is 'gainst all law, a deed of guilt and shame ;
And vain your sin, for guilty in the soul 635
Of motives which a supernatural power
Has doomed to your disgrace, before the world
Abased ! If God can, in his mercy, raise
Up agents for his gracious purposes,
He surely can defend them with his arm 640
From subtle plots. Cease, then, your needless wrath,
Respect the laws, revere the good estate !
Receive at last a patriot's soul within
Your Roman breasts ! Behold your swords restored !
Use them to guard our liberties and laws, 645

And be the noble order of a state
Whose happiness, within its bounds, shall be
To find no furtive foe !' A clamorous mob
Await new efforts of the Tribune's power,
And thirst to glut their vengeance on the lords. 650
' O Romans, whose unbending pride of yore
Scorned in its lionlike strength to crush a foe
When prostrate at your feet, still less to rob
The state of those who in the civil strife
Had ta'en the weaker side from pride of rank, 655
Compose your wrath, remember who you are
And whom you judge ! The strong alone forgive !
The free alone can show a generous soul !
The noble can forget ! We, by your voice,
The guardian of your weal, beseech you now 660
To hear the voice of wisdom, try at last
To banish civic quarrels, welcome back
A powerful order to their proper post
As faithful guardians of your state. Thus show
Your strength abroad. Should they e'er dare again 665
To try these treacherous arts, your swords are sharp,
Your hearts are brave, your vengeance is assur'd !
Then welcome peace at home and strength abroad !'
The silvern tones of that impassioned voice
Soon permeate the crowd, and soothe to peace 670

Their wish for vengeance. Angry discontent
Breeds alienation by a subtle search
For motives, in the breasts of many ; while
False scheming Baroncelli fits his sails
Unto the people's breath. ' Behold,' says he 675
To some whose looks betrayed their angry thoughts,
' Our Tribune seems to love these faithless lords,
And perhaps he thinks to join their haughty ranks !
Forsooth 'tis all at our expense he saves
The guilty brood !' Nay, more, with cunning smile, 680
Unto a worthy tradesman : ' See, our lord
The Tribune kings it well—all this vain pomp
He, one of us, displays at our expense !
Our treasury is empty, foreign wars
Menace our state : I fear bad times are nigh. 685
This useless pageantry, profuse and vain,
Should cease.' Meanwhile the humbled barons find
No safety in the city : burning wrath
At their disgrace and shame forbids all hope
Of peace. To stay at Rome is worse than death : 690
Endurance is a coward's grave. They plead
Coercion gives no sanction to their oath.
Swift is their flight unto their country holds :
A force is levied : vengeance, blindly wreaked,
Spares not the helpless villagers around 695

The city walls : for seven days the smoke
Of villages, defenceless to the foe,
Mounts high within the Romans' sight : their wrath
Is sluggish, and their swords may rust in pique,
Until the Tribune mourns his great mistake. 700
Meanwhile the helpless peasantry flock in
And seek a refuge whence no help proceeds
To stem the cruel rage : their sad complaints
Arouse the Romans from their ill-timed pique
To thirst for vengeance and for victory. 705
' Behold,' says Baroncelli, ' as I knew,
The traitor brood he pardoned fall on us !
At our expense, their freedom—his mistake !'
Rienzi bides his time : the rising wrath
Will soon mature into a kindling flame. 710
Once ready, eager to engage the foe,
Rienzi now leads forth his marshalled host.
The brave Buondelmonti, with the troop
Of light-armed Roman cavalry, all youths
Of noble birth, protect the azure standard : 715
In motley serried ranks the mob, armed with
Rude pikes or swords or rougher country scythes,
Draw up outside the walls of Rome, near by
The hostile camp. Brave Annibaldi spurs
His steed within a bowshot of the camp, 720

Reports the foe at hand, behind the mound
Which for a hundred yards marks rising ground,
And hides the tents where in licentious ease
The barons' levies wait until the foe
Shall dare to meet them on the sedgy plain, 725
Or else endure a siege when other troops
Approach. These gladly hail the coming fray,
Nor doubt an easy prey. Their marshalled lines
Advance : the daring horsemen onward dash
Against a rude-armed mob, who mad with rage 730
In turn sweep on in vast resistless waves,
Houghing the horses with their barbarous scythes,
And cracking stout-framed mail with sturdy swords.
The ringing axe breaks through the knightly casque,
While hungry lances pierce plebeian breasts. 735
The conscious earth is stained with noblest blood
Of Rome : here side by side Colonna lie
With stout Orsini : in the thickest fight
Buondelmonti falls : Rienzi seeks
A refuge with his guard. The barons waver, 740
And with shattered force give up the field :
The people conquer, and with sullen rage
Behold the trophies of the blood-stained plain,
Strewn with their bravest sons. Next day, forthwith,
Rienzi meets his council, seeks a tax 745

To raise an armed force. 'Why wait we here,
And see the country pillaged, and the crops
Trod down before our eyes? We need a force
To follow these armed robbers to their dens,
Reduce these strongholds, and restore at last 750
A glorious peace.' Unmoved, with stolid face,
The council hear his warm appeal: his hour
Of need is unsupported: failing friends
Refuse the asked-for tax. The mob grow cold
In zeal towards their idol. But the Pope 755
Soon hears of lofty claims to civic rights
By arrogant democracy: his wrath
Is kindled at the summons. 'Tis for us
To choose an emperor and to govern states!
The Cardinal Colonna burns with wrath 760
For the insulted honour of his house.
A Papal mandate settles rival claims
To empire, as by right: with solemn haste,
A legate hurries up to Rome, charged with
An urgent mission. On his way he hears 765
The news of the late slaughter: hurrying on,
He reaches Rome before the gates were closed
At dusk. Early next morn, ere three full days
Had passed since the late fight, Rienzi hears
That one demands an audience who will have 770

No curt denial—nay, demands at once
His presence. With alarm Rienzi hastes
To meet the legate, and to measure swords
Of rhetoric. Short courtesies exchanged,
The legate, rising from his seat, in tones 775
Of grave solemnity, tinged with contempt :—
' Lay down your ill-used power, rash man ! Repent
Your blasphemies ! Nor seek from heathen lore
To slur the holy work of Gregory,
Nor dare impugn the gift of Constantine ! 780
Forsooth, what purple chamber saw your birth ?
What claims have ye or this your bastard race
To empire ? Lo, a solemn curse descend
Upon your impious head if you persist
In this illegal power ! Lay down your staff, 785
Or else ye are as one cut off, cast out
From the true fold !' As one o'erwhelmed, without
A subtlety to win the stubborn ear,
Rienzi stood with downcast eyes and mien
Dejected. Then, with rising pride and sense 790
Of majesty, he framed a short appeal :
At length his thoughts found utterance in words :—
' What wrong, say, have I done ; or when has Rome
Revived like this ? What law, then, did I break ?
You answer not ? 'Tis well : then tell me now : 795

When was the Roman name more honoured, when
Were liberties and laws respected thus,
When did the Holy Church receive her dues
So richly ? Whom propose ye in my place ?
Think not the rival barons whom I curbed 800
Will reverence your jubilee : think not
To find a tool among the fickle mob !
The times are our excuse : no patron now
Can guard our city : we heed not the right
Of foreign emperors, whom a slavish race 805
Called to their aid. We seek those ancient times,
Ere Caesars had usurped the civic rights,
And centred in themselves the civil posts.
We question not the Pope's prerogative :
Nay, witness our respect : let his demesne 810
Display improvements and increased dues
Under the good estate ! Recall your words,
Rash and unjust, injurious to Rome ;
And when the jubilee draws nigh, behold
The blessings of strong rule and bounteous peace !' 815
With calm, impassive face and rigid mien,
With folded arms, no answer deigning to
The crafty speech, the legate made reply :—
' Resign your impious power. In vain your words
Fall on our ears. A Papal curse descends 820

Upon your heresies !' Despair deep writ
In anxious lines upon his noble face,
The Tribune slowly leaves the presence : hope
Was absent : in his hour of anxious need
An overwhelming sea of troubles sweeps 825
His last resource away. The palace hides
Its troubled lord for days : meanwhile the walls
Betray the Papal curse affixed e'en to
His very palace, while the buzzing crowds
With horror shrink from contact with the man 830
Whom once they most revered. His charm was o'er
The eye and ear : his pomp could dazzle, and
His eloquence could charm, until that slave
Of priestly craft, the conscience, in revolt
Refused to see or hear one whom the Church 835
Had cursed. An evil spell of sudden dread
Had paralyzed the busy crowd. Deep gloom
Hung o'er the city. Soldiers leave their posts ;
Unguarded gates bid welcome to the foe ;
And, in its hope, the cause receives a curse. 840
The Count of Minorbino enters Rome
With foreign levies ; and, without a hand
To hinder their designs, they fortify
The quarter of Colonna. Loudly tolls,
At first alarm, the bell of Capitol ; 845

In vain. The people, heedless of the call,
Remain inert. Approaching with their force,
The barons are in sight. Rienzi dons
A sacred habit, and alone flees forth
For refuge to a friendly cot outside 850
The walls, where dwelt his foster-nurse, down by
The gently-flowing Tiber. Early morn
Betrays itself unto his watchful eyes
After a restless sleep. With careful haste
He dons his friar's dress, with scrip and staff; 855
Then swiftly makes a frugal meal, of food
Whose homely taste enticed the pampered need.
Along the northern road he wends his way
To Florence, where the deadly plague forbids
All hope of present aid : through Tuscany 860
The pestilence has swept ; and freedom's cause,
Bereft of its support, may wander far
In search of truer friends. Rienzi roams
O'er Italy, unknown ; and warm the hopes
That rise within his breast when at his name 865
He sees (though quite unknown) the kindling eye
And words of admiration burst upon
His thirsty ears with eager force. Alone,
In pilgrim garb, his face concealed by cowl
And hood, he spends the jubilee at Rome ; 870

And thus obtaining from the causeless curse
Indulgence for his soul, he marks with scorn
The badly-governed state. Then, climbing o'er
The rugged steeps of Apennine, he courts
A hermit's home : with restless heart he roams 875
Thence through Lombardy, and across the Alps
Unto Allemagne, and seeks th' imperial court
At Prague, where haughty Charles may not refuse
An audience to misfortune, clad in fame.
The emperor's court stare in amaze ; and awe- 880
Inspired by the noble face and form,
Repels the smile of scorn. Just as the harp,
When skilful fingers skim its golden strings,
Gives forth bewitching sounds, heart answering heart
In music, but when that deft touch has ceased, 885
The thrilling chords subside ; so in the height
Of eloquence the orator may charm
The heart, and silence reason for the nonce—
His charm is soon dispelled : the mind revolts,
And cold self-interest reigns within the breast. 890
Rienzi charmed and touched their hearts in vain,
With noble words expressing all the fire
Of restless energy repressed. Alert
Diplomacy hears of dangerous guest.
A Papal envoy makes a stern demand, 895

But noble Charles refuses to profane
His rites as host. A fugitive from courts,
Alone when most amid the crowd, with hopes
Repressed, yet burning brightly in his breast,
Rienzi seeks the seat of his complaint— 900
That grim Avignon by the sedgy Rhone,
Where Laura slumbers in her silent tomb,
And whence the threads of intrigue ramified
Through Italy. An audience of the Pope
Is scornfully denied, a trial so 905
Refused : pent in a lonely tower, he finds
A solace in the classic lore supplied
By pity where injustice steeled the heart.
The ringing tones of Cicero yet live
Within his ears : the giant tread of him 910
Who shook the power of Rome, the faithless one,
And his great victor, victims both to chill
Ingratitude, awake his heart. His friend
Can charm his fancy by chaste Laura's praise,
Or move him by his stirring lines. The bard 915
Of Mantua may prove a favoured guest :
Though Horace preach contentment in oneself
The goal of happiness, ambition's child
Is framed for noble deeds—and not to sneer
With philosophic balance at the world, 920

And weigh out satisfaction in the small
Self-empire. Deep the captive pined to act :
Thus, worn and weary, with a ceaseless fire
Ablaze within his soul, seven wasted years 925
Spent since the short-lived dream had left
Their marks upon him. With undaunted zeal,
His eager spirit lived in hope and faith.
Meanwhile at Rome the good estate had sunk,
Without an effort from one manly heart
To raise the standard of a falling cause 930
For liberty. The legate and two lords,
Colonna and Orsini, rule the state
As senators, appointed by the Pope.
The ancient factions soon revive, and feuds
Of rival families with blood-stained strife 935
Distract the city. Fortresses are raised
Again : the peaceful flock of citizens
Are at the mercy of devouring wolves,
Until with rising spirit a wild mob
Attack the palace, and Orsini pays 940
The penalty of crime—an unjust judge.
Again the barons flee : the people choose
Cerroni as their Tribune, whose weak will
And mild forgiving temper were unfit
To steer the helm of state in troublous times 945



Of tempest. His weak hand soon quits the reins
Unto a steadier nerve, and quiet ease
Woos him away. Rewarded now, at length,
The active Baroncelli gains the prize
Of power long courted. Then suspicious rage 960
Proscribes suspected or half-hearted friends.
The death of Clement seats upon the throne
Another Pope ; and Innocent will hear
The guiltless plea. Rienzi is the man
To remedy the evil state of Rome, 965
And hurl this latest demagogue, who heeds
Not princes, from his place. The prison door
Is opened, and a hearing freely given.
The orator soon kindles as his hopes
Arise, and joyously regains his power 960
O'er men : his wasted cheek, sunk with deep lines
Of wearing cares and tinged with deep-drawn grief,
Are mantled by long-absent smiles, and gain
New beauties : scholars from far distant homes
Have come to see the fate of one they prize 965
As of their ranks, and hear with growing pride
His words : the Papal court is moved : exclaims
The Pope :—‘ Is this the captive ? Would that he
Might wear the iron crown ! ’Tis such as this
Would leave redeeming marks upon their age !’ 970

A wreck of what he was, perverted, soured,
With mind unhinged, his genius buoyed him up.
Acquitted of the charges, with the curse
Removed, he seeks employment once again.
Forthwith the Pope appoints him senator, 975
With orders to remove the democrat
At once. The Papal Vicar doles out aid
With sparing hand : nor can Rienzi haste
The tardy preparations. With all speed
The Senator sets out at last ; ere this, 980
Suspicion, slaughtering its friends and foes,
Breeds insecurity of life : the knife
Of an assassin dooms to speedy fate
The cruel Baroncelli and his friends.
Those Papal statesmen, eager for his fall, 985
View with displeasure him who seeks the place
Of power without a struggle. Passing through
The northern states, he meets with loud acclaims
And friendly welcome : guards of honour, formed
Of noble youths, await him : arches span 990
The festive streets : admiring crowds applaud
This greatest native force in Italy.
The Romans are prepared to meet their chief ;
With curious zeal, the city is ablaze.
Then through assembled crowds a murmur breaks : 995

'They come!' 'They come!' Then entering, with all pomp,
By the Flaminian gate, with swelling ranks
A broad procession bursts upon their view.
First, six abreast, with olive branch in hand,
Come twice a hundred horsemen, raised in Rome 1000
With ardent Annibaldi at their head.
In glittering armour, next, a knightly band
Of fifty hirelings from beyond the Rhine,
Pass by with scornful look upon the crowd,
Which views them with unfriendly eye : next come 1005
The Tuscan footmen corsletted, and armed
In heavy mail ; and next the noble band
Of youths, with pennon'd lances deftly poised,
On fleet Apulian steeds, all dressed in green,
Faced with deep saffron, and embossed with gold, 1010
Pass quickly : then the trumpeters in files,
And standard-bearers : first the azure flag,
Studded with silver stars, around a sun
Of gold : another bearing as device
A dove and olive branch : then heralds with 1015
Long silver staves ; and now a sudden burst
Of cheering, and loud shouts : ' He comes,' ' Rienzi,'
' The Good Estate,' ' Our Liberties!' A pause,
Then, lo, the hero flashes on their sight
Upon a stately charger, with his wife 1020

Well mounted by his side l His handsome face,
Illumined by the influence of the change
From long despair into exciting hopes
Concealed the scars of care : ambition flashed
Fresh fire from his dark eyes : dilating pride 1025
Of power expanded in his wasted form,
Whose thin-drawn lines within its graceful folds
A ruby velvet mantle loosely hid.
The people thunder welcome, and press near
To catch a better view. Rienzi halts, 1030
And deeply moved in earnest tones replies :—
' I am repaid—repaid for all ! Aye, all !
My only aim is for your happiness !
Henceforth let all work for the common weal !'
Then, bending low, 'mid showers of early bloom, 1035
He passes on unto his palace and
The stately Capitol—his destined pyre.
Devouring war soon courts him at the door,
While peace is vainly wooed. The barons shun
With scorn, distrust, and ever-rising hate, 1040
His overtures of peace. Old friends are cold
In plaudits, slow to act. The people sneer,
' Since, by the Pope appointed, he needs not
The people's voice, so let him seek for aid
From his new friend.' Both high and low unite 1045

In one estrangement. Shrewd Pandulpho, once
The Tribune's dearest friend, ere envy's blight
Had chilled his timid heart into a mass
Of icy marl, aspires to take the helm
Of state. Well-born and rich, a scholar, bred 1050
In foreign courts, mere bashfulness alone
Had checked the influence of the vague respect
Which ignorant mobs e'er feel for those of rank
Who sink unto their cause. His pride is hurt,
His envy grows, ambition takes deep root : 1055
His too successful friend betrays gross faults.
The vulgar ostentation, and the smile
Of conscious patronage, the upstart pride,
Pandulpho chose to see. The genius lit
His soul with a reflected light—this last 1060
He saw not. Meeting with his fellows more,
New confidence is gained. In former times,
Within the Tribune's council, he had learned
That cautious counsels in divided states
May hold the balance, and, unseen, direct 1065
The ruling power. In assemblies now,
Where citizens in private would discuss
The state's affairs with bolted doors, his voice,
With no unfrequent utterance or effect,
Was heard : ' Think not that peace shall e'er embrace 1070



Us in her flowery lap, or plenty pour
Out blessings from her horn, with foreign trade,
As long as inward discord rends our ranks,
Inspired by upstart state! Him only I
Would call a statesman who can win the trust 1075
Of every class! Rienzi lacks the art
Of making friends among the very men
Whose power could guard the liberties and laws
Of Rome, if guided by a statesman's hand
To noble purpose. As it is, behold! 1080
The barons dread to walk along the streets
Of Rome, and maddened with blind rage destroy
The crops outside. Seek ye to hunt them down?
Then welcome strife o'er Italy, and wreck
Yourselves with constant wars. This is the task 1085
Rienzi would oppress you with! What for?
To win him fame upon a hecatomb
Of slaughtered Romans. Think ye that his dreams
Are viewed with favour at the Papal court?
No, and thrice no, I say! Albornoz views 1090
His dreams with furtive scorn. The haughty Charles
Smiles at the futile claims. Whence then support?
The Pope refuses aid: to crown the scheme
An army is required. Whence then their pay?
Can he, who squandered in his ill-used pomp 1095

A scanty revenue, display at last
New treasures ? No, from you he wrings the gold !
From you he draws the blood ! From you he seeks
His dear-bought fame ! From you at last will come
His well-deserved doom ! 'Tis in the field 1100
That Rome will change its faith. Rienzi falls,
Unless within one moon the azure flag
Float over Palestrina !' Swift to act,
Rienzi, meantime, conscious of these plots,
Sends forth his heralds to announce a peace 1105
To willing barons. Mercenaries flock
Unto the city : marshalled in their corps,
A new militia wait the call to arms.
From Palestrina proud Colonna flings
The gauntlet of defiance, and sends back 1110
The Roman herald in a piteous plight.
Indignant at the outrage e'en the mob
Grow warm with hope of vengeance : children shame
Their slothful sires, and long for later years,
Like valiant little men, with sharp short swords, 1115
Eager to start upon the long, long war,
With such an ardour as is found in those
Picked as defenders of a fallen cause.
Rienzi gives the word : the marshalled force
And civic levies march at once from Rome. 1120

Forth speed the strange militia, armed with sword
And pike, under the azure flag, drawn up
In regiments : the marshal of the force
With silver wand in hand, precedes their ranks.
Next come the Tuscan footmen, corslet-armed ; 1125
And next the German horse ; and then the van
Of mercenaries from the far-famed bands
Of Montreal, whose brothers lead their men,
And curse the day a subtle Roman brain
Outwitted their dull treachery, and forced 1130
Them to advance the soldiers' pay. Then, last,
Amid his noble youths, on fleet Apulian steeds,
With pennon'd lances armed, Rienzi comes,
Surrounded by his staff. Thus marching on,
The little army pass through Gabii 1135
Toward Colonna's stronghold : soon the rocks
And crag-based citadel above the town
Of Palestrina come within their view.
A camp is formed : the country round is scoured
For forage. With the rising sun, next morn, 1140
The siege begins. Unfurnished with siege trains,
And barely armed for battle in the field,
These furnish laughter to their foes, secure.
'Tis famine that must climb o'er those high walls,
And storm those steep rough crags : a long blockade 1145

Will weary patience, though the only means
 To gain the place. 'Tis Montreal's design,
 By sending his two brothers with his men,
 With purpose to prolong a tedious siege,
 Until both pay and patience lost, the plebs 1150
 Of Rome shall weary of the cause and man ;
 ' Or, if from mobs no safe hope can proceed,
 Then let the seigneurs or Rienzi seek
 Me at my terms !' With such designs,
 The great freebooter, in a close disguise, 1155
 Comes into Rome, and cheats Rienzi's spies.
 Of middle height, and thick-set build, his arm
 Was iron, and his gesture spake command.
 Grand type of manly force, the antitype
 Of intellect ! His black-grey eyes, from depths 1160
 Of passionless abyss, could sometimes flash
 With fire ; at other times as softly beam.
 A fine straight Norman nose, a handsome mouth,
 Whose short, thick lips relaxed in softer lines,
 Betraying less of fixity of will 1165
 Than pleasure-weakened energy—withal
 Soft pleasure could not from the sensual face
 Erase the lines of subtlety : when most
 Asleep, he was the most awake. He soon
 Picks up the line of intrigue, and detects 1170

An easy tool in weak Pandulpho, who
Falls in his net. Rienzi's faithful spies
Are busy, and right speedily a place
Is found for one: thus wary Montreal
Is soon discovered, and a treacherous scribe 1175
Betrays his plans in time. Pandulpho holds
A banquet at his house: a company
Of those who favour change will meet that night
To plot with Montreal. With timely haste
Rienzi comes to Rome: caught in the net, 1180
The brothers are drawn with him; and, before
The night has set, they mourn within a cell
Their unsupported state. Meanwhile, amid
The plaudits of admiring friends, blind to
The unseen danger, before the wine-girt board, 1185
Proud, crafty Montreal makes his address:—
'Pandulpho, here, your noble friend and mine,
Has traced for you the source of those complaints
Which choke the pores of trade, and banish peace—
Ye lack an armed force to crown your plans! 1190
Your distant emperor scorns the hard-won fame
Which duty would confer. Ye fear? Heed not
This obstacle to your success! Why smile?
Let others take his place, who estimate
The honour at its worth! "Where, then, are these?" 1195

Ye seem to say with ever-doubting voice :
Behold my force, famed over Italy!
Count this your own ; let us protect, avenge,
Extend your liberties! We seek not pay,
But honour. Let the foemen pay the tax ! 1200
But more ! Pandulpho, here, our worthy friend,
Would as your tribune—for what love have ye
To senators—would with his cautious zeal
Befit a place where overbearing pride
In the proud upstart sows those envious seeds 1205
Of civil war, dissension, misery !
Vain pomp and ostentation, lavish waste,
The pay of armies and the cost of wars
Will fall on you. No more can Papal dues
Produce a surplus to uphold the man 1210
Who rose out of the dregs on mere pretence
Of saving by collection to the state
Some portion which dishonesty withheld.
Expect the coming tax : worse soon your lot
Than when your ancient masters lorded high 1215
In discord ! Choose ye now ? To see yourselves
Ground down with taxes, and your well-loved sons
Slain in the ceaseless wars, your foreign trade
Choked by the weeds of anarchy ! Or else,
In happier plight, the nucleus of a state 1220

Protected' — The clash of arms upon the stair,
A knocking at the door, break on the speech.
An unexpected guest, unbidden, and
Meeting no joyous welcome, enters, stands
Before the table, saying not a word. 1225
Three files of guards pass in. Rienzi points
Out Montreal, Pandulpho, and the few
Whose schemes he counted dangerous. Not a word
Was uttered, save to one. 'Thy fate is sealed !'
Rienzi hissed to one, whose lofty mien 1230
And proudly curling lip bespoke contempt.
Pandulpho trembles with too timid soul,
And wastes a piteous look. The Senator
Is calm and cold : his passion slumbers deep
Below the surface. Led unto the cell 1235
Where lie his brothers, Montreal, aghast,
Bewails the treacherous cunning he cannot
See through. Away from all their gallant force,
Their fate is sure. Next day the council meet.
Short the delay. Rienzi's voice o'errules 1240
All hope of mercy. Ere the morning sun
Had reached its zenith, on a platform, raised
Before the window of the Council Hall,
Where sit Rienzi and his council, stand
Pandulpho, Montreal, his brothers, and 1245

The headsman with a guard. Below a crowd
Gaze at the tragic spectacle with awe,
And sighs and tears unite as, with a groan,
Pandulpho lays his head upon the block
Without one word ; but not so Montreal. 1250
Amid admiring pity from the crowd
He turns his face toward the Council Hall :
' I die, but with me dies the breath of hate
That envied me my fame ! Aye, tremble then,
False Roman ; when thou seest an iron brood 1255
Spring from the ploughéd earth—an iron brood
That shall avenge my death ! This very day
Thou wilt avenge me of my fame. I die
Before thee, but thy fate is nigh ! Farewell !'
Thus saying, he bent low his stately neck 1260
Unto the blood-stained block : the ready axe
Falls with a thud : the comely head rolls down.
A robber's life, a hero's death, his fate.
The news soon spreads : the city is ablaze
With wild excitement. Guards at every gate 1265
Forbid all exit : none must bear the news
Unto the distant camp. Meanwhile in haste
Rienzi seeks to raise from Rome alone
A Roman Legion, to replace the force
Of Montreal before the wearying fort 1270

Of Palestrina. For their pay, a tax
Must be imposed. Meanwhile he forwards all
His force at Rome to Palestrina, and,
Except a slender guard with his new force
Of levies, is unguarded. In the camp 1275
His soldiers murmur for their long-due pay :
The siege has prospered ill, a dire disease
Had wasted all their martial spirit. Some
Denounce the absent Senator, desert
Their fellows, and return. The camping-place 1280
Is changed : the vigorous Annibaldi takes
Command : now closer the blockade : around
From villages the sullen peasants flock,
Compelled to labour at the rising mounds,
And dig the spreading trenches. Soon the train 1285
Of warlike engines reach the joyous camp.
Three battering-rams arrive, and catapults,
To throw tremendous stones : these engines, placed
On mounds, within two days press on the fall
Of Palestrina. For his new-raised force, 1290
The Roman legion, and for warlike stores,
A tax must be imposed. One morn a new
Decree appears, upon the walls and in
The market-place, announcing a gabelle
On wine and salt. Here angry crowds declaim : 1295

There democrats smile with contented spite.
 But few defend the measure: loud the cries
 For vengeance. 'Let him meet Orsini's fate!
 He dares to tax the Romans: let him dare
 To show his face!' Thus from a butcher, 1300
 One who had found the justice of a judge
 Taking no bribes. 'Pandulpho would have paid
 For them himself: he, nobly born, was rich;
 But this base upstart springs up from the dregs!
 Thus from a wealthy baker, and the threats 1305
 Of others crown the discontent of all.
 Meanwhile the captain of Rienzi's guard,
 Scorned by the lovely Zöe, whose dark eyes
 Had charmed a hundred lovers, fears disgrace
 From her devoted brother. Soon a plan 1310
 With the malcontents to remove the guard,
 Cut off all egress, and admit the mob
 Into the Capitol, by him devised,
 Finds favour with the leading spirits; and
 The traitor hurries to his loathsome task. 1315
 Ye surging billows of democracy
 (Volcanic tide, ephemeral and dread)
 That rise at times, lashed up to fearful storms,
 Restrain your rage! Respect the stately ship!
 Alas, the hour has come! Hope hides her face: 1320

Ambitious envy buzzes 'mid the mob
Who crowd the market-place : the rostrum rings
With cries of vengeance : passions are aroused
Unto a direful thirst for blood. 'He spared
Not good Pandulpho ; let him seek in turn 1325
A pardon 'mid the shades !' Loud cries of 'Death !'
And with fresh fury in a maddened rush
They run towards the Capitol, surround
The palace with wild shouts and rage outside
The lately closed gates : a faithful youth 1330
Had warned the Senator, who, quickly roused,
Finds treachery has left him all alone
To meet the rabble : all his family,
Escorted by a guard, have safely left
The city, days ago. In time he bars 1335
The massive gates : the furious mob arrive
Ere the last bolt is shot. 'Break down the gates !'
They cry. 'Long live the people !' 'Rienzi dies !'
Bring fire !' 'Thus perish he who made the tax !'
Their torches kiss the friendly wood : it burns, 1340
And flames mount high. Meantime Rienzi mounts
Unto a balcony, standard in hand,
And sheathed in mail. His form is seen ; lo, then,
A deafening roar of voices and a shower
Of arrows, stones, and darts. 'Hear not again 1345

The charmer's voice !' The cry is taken up.
Another shower : the well-aimed dart has pierced
Rienzi's cheek. His mind succumbs, his heart
Has failed him. He withdraws. The flames shoot high
Above the burning pile. A rumbling crash, 1350
And massy beams reluctant fall in twain,
While 'neath the flame the gorgeous ceilings melt.
Rome's Capitol, the glorious past, is o'er :
Faithful unto the Roman name it dies
With the last Roman, and its ashes blend 1355
With his. That very eve the wished-for news
Arrives. Colonna hath surrendered, when
The stately Palestrina can no more
Sustain the deadly shower of massy stones
That shake the lofty towers, break down high walls, 1360
And shatter turrets to their base. Success
Is mourning at the tomb. The barons rise
Up from their fettered fear. Bohemian Charles
Is at their heels : the Roman hope has sped
Beyond th' obstruction of grim Charon's stream. 1365
The faithful Annibaldi shakes the dust
Of Rome from off his feet, and seeks abroad
For laurels, where more gratitude displayed
Marks less degenerate races. Yet the stamp
Of brilliant genius cannot be effaced 1370

From Roman hearts for ages. Smaller men
But light their torches at the brighter blaze
Of self-formed genius. Thus the plastic mould
Of common men receives grander impress.
But now, where'er degrading yoke may foul 1375
The purer breath of nature's noble sons
In stagnant selfishness of unblest sway,
O may the worthier race assert itself—
Yet seeking liberty, confess a law !
Though Italy confront a hydra armed, 1380
And find new heads rise 'neath the trenchant axe,
Or Ares plant his iron seed in blood,
She rises conquering, and no more a slave !
When England writhed beneath a Stuart's rule,
And selfdom shuckled her strong arm abroad, 1385
Then royal William, hero-king arose,
Struck off her fetters : forth the eagle flew,
And, soaring high, beheld the mid-day beam,
Which gleamed too glorious for the daring eye ;
So liberty confessed her sister law ; 1390
Lest license, brooding in unlearned minds,
Should breed disorder 'mid the common herd,
Against things settled by some new device,
Fraught with ambition, and a curse to all.
E'en so with freer breath though sunken pride, 1395

Hispania mourns by brave Padilla's grave ;
While France in one tumultuous surge of blood
Effaced three hundred years of wrong in seas
Of blood and crime, stamped out her noblest souls,
And found the curse of freedom unrestrained 1400
In tempting destiny with dynasty.
Half savage Russia hides the gifts of mind,
Compressed within despotic curb : three parts
Cannot enjoy, one part cannot obtain
The boon of freedom. Some day, o'er the dam 1405
That sluggish stream will flow a direful flood,
Rock thrones unto their base, and sweep away
All ancient landmarks of barbaric rule.
In Germany, behold a genius rise
Of sterner mould ! Time-serving Prussia wins 1410
Her coveted reward. The long, long sleep
Of Barbarossa ends : the spell-bound court
Revive, and Germany seeks not from Rome
Her crown by conquest. Austria finds her task
Descend to curbing rival races bound 1415
Within her snood : her energies repressed,
Turn to the south. The Bulgars may regain
More than their ancient heritage ; but yet
The shade of Hellas hovers o'er the claims
Of Slav and Seljuk—Hellas, pure and free 1420

Once more, strikes off her brutalizing bonds ;
Themistocles may build yet longer walls ;
This time against the Austrian and the Slav,
And intellectual races shall be free !
Vain freedom of a boastful type—her shade 1425
Seeks purer breezes in the mystic East,
Where with her sister faith she breathes an air
Diviner, sees a light divine shine out
Amid the desert solitude, where sand,
Swept by the breeze of centuries, conceals 1430
Those giant types more civilized in form
Of heart and mind, far grander in their faith,
More noble in their aims ; whose works defeat
Old Time's devouring hunger, and defy
The scrutiny of ages. There no buzz 1435
Of social servitude, enslaving soul
And mind in petty aims. 'Tis from the East,
Or from the solitudes that genius springs :
A host, whose scattered bones now heedless lie
Amid preserving sand, whose armour strewn 1440
Will be restored, shall rise and vindicate
The murdered faith and bland disloyalty
Of hybrid races, strutting in their pride
Amid the ruins of the truly great
In man and nature. 1445

NOTES TO RIENZI.

NOTES.

LINES 1-28. Aesthetic theory of education: friend 'Arry!

10. The Providential philosophy, as opposed to that of the Fatalist, who deals in metaphysical abstractions, and that of the Positivist, who supports the universe on Law.

15-16. Compare the theory of Plato, *De repub.*, and Cicero, *Tusc.* I. I.

29-48. Aesthetic theory of love. Compare Plato, *Phædo*.

32. *Age-long peace*, &c.—The term 'age' is used instead of 'eternal,' to excite a definite idea: eternity is that which has neither beginning nor end; but the beginning of what is called 'eternal punishment' is marked; therefore an ambiguous use of the term is promoted.

40. *Immortal beauties*, &c.—Compare Comte's absurd theory. 'Les femmes sont les vraies anges!' says the philosopher. It is entertaining to read Mill's remarks on the decadence of that great intellect: vide *Mill on Comte*.

42. *The plastic mould*.—Compare Montesquieu, who, in his *Esprit des Lois*, seems to look upon the nature of man 'as passively reproducing impressions, and submitting implicitly to impulses which it receives from without.' Sir H. S. Maine (*Ancient Law*, p. 117) objects that the stable part of our mental, moral, and physical constitution is the largest part of it, and the remainder cannot practically be estimated.

53. *Sense-bound*.—i.e. limited to receiving and observing impressions from the five senses, and exerting none of the higher faculties.

54. i.e. sympathy of aspirations, not mere admiration of a superior by an inferior.

64. Compare Mr. Gladstone and his celebrated upas-tree.

73. *Seek unity of soul*.—Compare Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus*, Bk. ii. ch. 3.

75. Aesthetic view of love.

89. *Thus like the rose, &c.*—Peræa, in the Arabian desert. Roses of brilliant hue are said to bloom amid the solitudes of Peræa.

93. In 753 before Christ was founded Rome by Romulus. Romulus was succeeded by six other kings, the last of whom was expelled during a popular revolution, B.C. 509. After the expulsion of the kingly family, sovereignty was put into commission; the Pontifex Maximus, or high priest, and the consuls, or civil and military officers, obtained a sovereignty delegated by the people. Foreigners and those captives taken in war, or captive populations forced to settle at Rome, gradually formed what was called the *plebs*, and had to struggle hard before they gained civil rights. Tribunes of the plebs were first elected B.C. 449. In B.C. 339 the Publilian, and in B.C. 286 the Hortensian, Laws terminated the struggle between patricians and plebeians. In B.C. 201 Rome entered on her long career of triumph, after her great foe, Carthage, had been crushed. In B.C. 49 began the first civil war between Caesar and Pompey. In B.C. 48 Pompey is finally defeated at Pharsalia, and soon after murdered in Egypt. In B.C. 45 Caesar returns in triumph to Rome as undisputed master of the vast Roman world, and soon after is murdered in the senate house. In B.C. 31 Octavian, the heir of Caesar, avenged his death at Actium, and returns in triumph to Rome, receiving the title of Augustus.

The policy of the succeeding emperors or Caesars was to re-unite the delegated duties of sovereignty in themselves: consuls, pontifices, tribunes, and lastly the senate itself, lost all their real dignity. Finally,

in the vices of individual emperors, the highest post of the state became degraded. Christianity intervened, and the foundation by Constantine, A.D. 324, of a new capital proved the cause of division. In A.D. 337 the empire was divided, but again re-united in 352. In A.D. 395 a final division was made between Arcadius and Honorius. In A.D. 449 the Western (or Roman portion) Empire fell. In A.D. 754 the image question arose, finally severing the Eastern and Western Churches. A very good *resumé* of the state of Rome from A.D. 1100 to the rise of Rienzi in A.D. 1347 will be found in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chapters 69 and 70; also chapter 45.

100. Constantinople, founded by Constantine the Great, A.D. 324, soon enticed the Roman aristocracy of eminence to follow a Court which had found a situation of superior security to the old capital. The navigator Byzas first founded a city there, B.C. 656. Gibbon gives a graphic sketch of the site and size of the city at various periods (*vide Decline and Fall*, chapter 17). A second very important and interesting sketch at another period may be found at the end of chapter 70 of the same work.

103. *Ambitious bishops*.—For a valuable sketch of the rise of the bishops of Rome and the extension of their power, *vide* Hallam's *Middle Ages*, chapter 7. The most remarkable instrument of their rise was what are called the 'False Decretals' of Isidore: by these every bishop was amenable only to the immediate tribunal of the pope, thus destroying the influence of provincial synods. The great fabric of papal supremacy over national churches was built on these decretals.

103. *Donation of Constantine*.—The legend of this donation was introduced in a letter of Pope Hadrian the First, exhorting Charlemagne to imitate the liberality, and revive the name, of the great Constantine. This legend is to the effect that Constantine, purified from leprosy after baptism by St. Sylvester, bishop of Rome, resigned to the popes

the sovereignty of Italy, Rome, and the western provinces, and declared his intention of founding a new capital in the East.

111. *Like as an ancient matron, &c.*—Compare Petrarch.

115. 'Image' controversy.—For a full and interesting account of this schism, which rent the Greek from the Latin Church, *vide* Gibbon, chapter 49.

120. *The aegis of Minerva* (*vide* Virgil, *Aeneid*, viii., line 435) had the head of the Gorgon Medusa nailed in its midst. The goat Amalthea, which had suckled Jove, being dead, that god is said to have covered his buckler with the skin thereof, whence the name aegis, from *ἄις*, *airos*, a she-goat. The term aegis is applied, in ancient mythology, to the bucklers of Minerva and Jupiter (*vide* *Aeneid*, viii. 351.)

124. *Curse of Odin*.—An ancient legend that Odin and his tribe, displaced from the settlements on the Danube, went north to hardy Scandinavia. Odin is supposed to have pronounced a curse on Rome, which Attila and the Huns, his descendants, executed too well by burning Rome, and extinguishing the Western Empire. Gibbon deprecates the legend.

125. *Death of Baldur*.—Baldur, in Scandinavian mythology, was the god of grace and beauty: his death forms the subject of a beautiful legend. It is here used as a metaphor signifying that all softening and refining influences were removed from the tribe of Odin in their northern home.

126. The Lombards overcame the Gepidae by aid of the Avars, and then, under Alboin, invaded Italy, about A.D. 526. They were a Scandinavian tribe. The name 'Lombard' is derived by Diaconus, their historian, from the *length* of their *beards*—Longobards or Lombards.

129. Pepin le brief, grandson to Pepin le gros, was mayor of the palace to Childeric III., whom he confined; and, with the assistance of

Pope Stephen III., he usurped the sovereign power. He died in 768, aged 54.

130. *Charlemagne*.—It is instructive and interesting to compare the different views of this great man taken by Hallam (*Middle Ages*, ch. 1, part 1); Gibbon (*Decline and Fall*, ch. 49), and Mr. Bryce (*Holy Roman Empire*, pp. 73-76.)

131. *Papal sun—imperial moon*.—A famous simile of Pope Gregory VII.

137. Babylonish captivity, or residence of the popes at Avignon: we owe the furious metaphor to Petrarch. Soon after the murder of Boniface VIII., Benedict XI. started across the Alps, and settled at Avignon, which for over seventy years was the seat of the popes.

141. *The Swabian Emperors*.—Their struggle with the popes forms one of the grandest tragedies of history (*vide* Sismondi, *History of Italian Republics*, chs. 16-18; Machiavelli's *Florence*, ch. 1, and Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, ch. 13).

141. Compare :

‘About his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself.’

—*As you like it*.

144. *Arnold of Brescia*.—For an account of his career, *vide* Gibbon, chapter 70, and Mr. Bryce's work, pp. 174, 253, 277, 279.

145. *Crescentius*.—Compare Gibbon, chapter 70.

146. *With his iron flail*.—Compare Spenser's *Sir Arthegal*.

150. *Sordid*.—Compare :

‘Thou canst not those exceptions make

Which vulgar, sordid mortals take.’—COWLEY.

151. Compare letter of Petrarch to John Colonna, quoted by Bryce.

153. *Stilted agony*.—i.e. elevated above that of the mob.

170. *Majestic*.—Compare :

‘Get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.’—SHAKESPEARE.

177. *Crude support*.—i.e. raw, not purified by trial.

179. *Affects their path*.—Compare :

‘The generality of men are wholly governed by names in matters of good and evil, so far as these qualities relate to and affect the actions of men.’—South’s *Sermons*.

187. Compare Gibbon’s description of Boniface VIII.

192. *Midas*.—In fabulous history, the son of Gordius by the goddess Cybele, and the only one who has ever found the philosopher’s stone. Bacchus conferred on him, by request, the power of changing everything he touched into gold. The climax arrived when his own daughter was turned into a mass of precious metal. Having freed himself from this undesirable gift, Midas next got into trouble for preferring Pan’s music to Apollo’s. For this offence he gained a pair of ass’s ears, and the fact was published by the rustling reeds (which acted as a microphone) to his subjects. According to Strabo, he died of drinking bull’s blood. This he did, as Plutarch explains, to free himself from the numerous ill dreams which continually tormented him. In our day his career might have been turned to more useful purposes, at the Polytechnic, for instance.

195. *Ghetto*.—The Jews’ quarter at Rome.

197. *Rienzi*.—For details as to the life of this eminent man, *vide* his life by Brumoy and Cerceau ; Sismondi, *Hist. Rep. Ital.* ; Gibbon, ch. 70 ; Hallam’s *Middle Ages*, ch. iii. part 2 ; Bryce’s *Holy Roman Empire*, pp. 256, 279 ; Lord Lytton’s *Rienzi* ; Villani, XII. ch. 89 ; Muratori, *Antiq. Ital.* vol. III., p. 399 ; Boispréaux’s life.

206. *Lion-like*.—Compare :

‘ Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chases, who frets, or where conspirers are ;
Macbeth shall never vanquished be !’

218. *Democrat*.—When many of the servants, by industry and virtue, arrive at riches and esteem, then the nature of a government inclines to democracy.’—TEMPLE.

225. *Discontent*.—Compare :

‘ The discontented now are only they
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray.’—DRYDEN.

227. *Limned*.—

‘ Emblems limned in lively colours.’—PEACHAM.

233. *Cathay*.—

‘ Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrî tenuere coloni,
Carthago, Italiam contra Tiberinaque longe
Ostia, dives opum studiisque asperrima belli.’

Aeneid, I. 12-14.

234. *Solyma*.—A contraction from Hierosolyma, the Greek name of Jerusalem.

237. *Drag*.—Something which causes motion to be impeded by additional weight being added to the same unvarying force.

240. *Apulian pine*.—Horace speaks of Apulian pines being used for ships’ timbers. Pines are plentiful in Italy, growing along the sides of the Apennines.

245. *Reverie*.—Compare :

‘ If the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and the fool ; there are infinite reveries and numberless extravagances pass through both.

247. *Icarus*.—Compare the ancient legend which Horace introduces in his fine ode :

‘Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari
Iule, ceratis ope Daedalea
nititur pennis vitreo daturus
nomina ponto.’

—*Carmina*, IV. 2.

251. *Plies*.—

‘The hero from afar
Plies him with darts and stones.’—DRYDEN.

255. *Buzzing idlers*.—

‘Among the buzzing multitude.’—SHAKESPEARE.

260. *Brutus*.—One of the chief conspirators against Caesar. He was a republican and ‘honest man’—in fine, a policeman of the liberties of Rome, and therefore (as Mr. Gilbert would infer) his life was not a happy one.

261. Compare Aaron’s rod which budded in the ark.

263. *Swooning maiden*.—

‘The most in years swoon’d first away.’—DRYDEN.

264. *Blast*.—Here, a stream of fresh air.

266. *Pilum*.—A missive weapon used by the Romans. Its point, we are told by Polybius, was so long and small that after the first discharge it was generally so bent as to be rendered useless :

‘Caput fixum gestari jussit in pilo.’—CICERO.

Here it has an ignominious use.

267–270. *Electoral rights*.—*Vide* Bryce, pp. 226–234 ; also Gibbon, various passages.

273. The Tarquins were the ancient royal family of Rome, descended from an Etruscan, Lucumo, who came up to Rome in the reign of An-

cus Martius. Tarquinius Superbus was, with his family, expelled from Rome for the faults of his administration, aggravated by the violation of Lucretia by Sextus Tarquinius: *vide* Livy I. chapter 58, and Lord Macaulay's stirring ballad 'Horatius.'

289. The celebrated formula, *Civis Romanus sum*. A Roman citizen, by the 'Lex Porcia de tergo et capite civium,' could not be flogged or beheaded without appeal to the general body of citizens. To this St. Paul appealed once with effect.

292. *As golden apples, &c.*—Compare a verse in 'Proverbs.'

327. *The Colonna*, one of the great families at Rome, still maintain their proud predominance: the Orsini or Ursini were their rivals.

329. *Corneto*, a small town in Tuscany, near the mouth of the river Arcone, and between it and the river Mignone. It used to be the see of a bishop. *Caeres*, a small town near the Subatine Lake in Tuscany.

396. *The Spartan band*, who fell defending the pass of Thermopylae against the enormous forces of Xerxes. Demosthenes (*De Corona*, 322) quotes the inscription over the graves of the Spartan heroes. The reader may, perhaps, be acquainted with Lord Brougham's and Campbell's spirited renderings of the lines. Also compare Thucydides, II. 43.

420. This is a picture of an empiric. One who introduces into public life the spirit of those who spent fortune and talents in search of the philosopher's stone.

443. *A boundless desert*.—Compare Æschylus, *Prometheus Vincitus*, lines I, 2:—

Ἵχθονς μὲν ἐς τηλουργὸν ἤκομεν πῆδον

Σκόθην ἐς οἶμον, αβατον εἰς ἐρημίαν.'

501. *Ausonia*, the ancient name of Italy, derived from the Ausones:

'Picus in Ausoniis proles Saturnia terris

Rex fuit, utilium bello studiosus equorum.'

—OVID, *Metamorphoses*, XIV. 320, 321.

508. *Louis of Bavaria* and *Charles of Bohemia* were candidates for the imperial crown at this time.

546. *Lucanian oxen*.—The ancient province of Lucania now forms part of Naples. It was famed for its excellent pastures; and its oxen were the finest and largest in Italy. Hence the elephant was at first called by the Romans a Lucanian ox. Compare HORACE, *Epodes*, 1. 28.

630. 'Caesar—perish as he did': *vide* Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, Act III. Scene I. Also Plutarch, whose life of Cæsar Mr. Langhorne is disposed to find fault with.

630. *Rienzi pales*.—Compare:

'To teach it good or ill, disgrace or fame,
Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame.'

—PRIOR.

Here the pallor is due to another emotion.

631. *Lictors* were officers established by Romulus, who attended later on, first the consuls in the public appearances, and then the other public officers. The duties of their office were—

1. To clear the way for the magistrate they attended.
2. To cause proper respect to be paid to him.
3. To walk before him in single file.
4. To arrest criminals.
5. To perform the duties of executioners.

Compare Dryden:—

'Though in his country town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor axe, nor tribune.'

638. *Abased*.—Compare Dryden's *Fables*:—

'With unresisted might the monarch reigns;
He levels mountains and he raises plains;
And, not regarding difference of degree,
Abased your daughter, and exalted me.'

641. *Subtle*.—Compare *Proverbs*, vii. 10 :—

‘A harlot and subtle of heart.’

Milton uses ‘subtile’ and ‘subtle’ indifferently.

647. With this and the following line compare Milton’s *Vacation Exercise*, written October, 1627 :—

‘To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring war shall never cease to roar.’

655. *Pride of rank* :—

‘A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk’t at and killed.’

—SHAKESPEARE.

655. Compare a great speech of Mr. Gladstone on the Irish Church Bill, in which he asks his audience to expand their minds to the great occasion.

660. *Weal*.—Compare :

‘Upon the weal of England in the main that of Ireland
depends.’—TEMPLE.

669. *Silvern tones*.—Compare Spenser :—

‘Hollow hills from which their silver voices
Were wont redoubled echoes to rebound.’

The phrase is derived from the Italian expression ‘voice argentina.’ Among other great orators who have had this silvern tone of voice may be mentioned Aeschines, Quintus Hortensius, and our present Premier.

680. *The guilty brood.*—When used of human beings, this term generally expresses contempt:

‘The heavenly Father keep his brood
From foul infection of so great a vice.’

—FAIRFAX.

686. *Useless pageantry.*—Useless here is equivalent to needless. Compare Pope:—

‘Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools and pageant of a day.’

693. *Country holds.*—Compare:—

‘It was his policy to leave no hold behind him, but make
all plain and waste.’—SPENSER on ‘State of Ireland.’
‘He shall destroy the stronghold.’—JEREMIAH.

The Roman nobility had country estates in many parts of Italy, and were therefore doubly powerful from their extraneous influence.

703. *Stem the cruel rage:*

‘At last Erasmus, that great-injured name,
Stemmed the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove these holy Vandals off the stage.’

—POPE.

720. *Bowshot of the camp.*—The distance to which an arrow may be shot from the longbow with the best elevation of forty-five degrees is generally reckoned from eleven to twelve score yards. There is a tradition that an attorney of Wigan, named Leigh, shot a mile in three flights. Two hundred and twenty yards may fairly be taken as bow-shot distance.

728. *Marshallled lines*.—Compare :—

. . . ‘Anchises looked not with so pleased a face,
In numbering o’er his future Roman race,
And marshalling the heroes of his name,
As in their order, each to light, they came.’

—DRYDEN.

732. *Houghing*.—A process of disabling animals by cutting the sinews of the hind leg near the thigh.

733. *Sturdy swords*.—The adjective is here intended to be understood as used zeugmatically.

743. *Blood-stained plain* :

‘Jamque brevis spatium vitae fortita juvenus
Sanguineam trepido plangebant pectore matre.’

—OVID, *Metam.* III. 124-5.

‘Sparsaque sanguineis maduerunt pabula guttis.’

—*Idem*, XIV. 408.

757. *Arrogant democracy*.—Italian democracies did not obtain the greatest amount of happiness for the individual citizen. The Florentines, after militating against their aristocracy, and banishing them from the city, after calling in foreign dictators, finally settled down under the Medici. The democracy of Milan conferred little security on property or institutions. The one state whose light shone with unvaried lustre was Venice, where there were the blessings of a mixed constitution.

According to Locke a perfect democracy is where the majority decide what laws shall be made and how they shall be executed. The author of *Utopia*, or perhaps Mr. Mallock, would be able to determine how we are to arrive at a practical majority of the people exercising such powers on every great question. It is to be feared our representative institutions would suffer!

762. *Papal mandates*.—The popes were wont to issue many arbitrary documents of this description. By the Pragmatic Sanction of St. Louis, such documents were denied lucrative effect in France.

774. *Swords of rhetoric*.—Not so much in exciting the passions as in fencing artfully.

779. *Work of Gregory*.—‘Gregory VII. devoted his life to the execution of two projects:—

1. ‘To fix in the College of Cardinals the freedom and independence of election; and to abolish for ever the right or usurpation of the emperors and the Roman people.

2, ‘To bestow and resume the Western Empire as a fief or benefice of the Church, and to extend his temporal dominion over the kings and kingdoms of the earth.’—GIBBON.

He accomplished the first portion of the work.

781. ‘The heirs to the Eastern Empire were born in chambers hung with purple.’—GIBBON.

782. Compare Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, p. 80.—The names of Roman and Christian had grown co-extensive. The ‘*arcanum imperii posse principem alibi quam Romae fieri*’ had become ‘*alium quam Romanum*.’ Later: ‘*Romanos enim vocitant homines nostrae religionis*.’—GREGORY OF TOURS, requested by Bryce: note, p. 93.

792. Compare *Aeneid*, XI. 151:—

‘Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore est.’

In the character of ‘pious’ Aeneas we may discern the subtle distinction between piety and a mere sense of duty. In the character of Rienzi the former characteristic seems in many cases wanting.

798. *Laws and liberties*.—The intensive plural of our old friend ‘*imperium et libertas*’: this last much-badgered phrase in a modified form may be found, despite Mr. Goldwin Smith, in Tacitus.

814. *Jubilee*.—A feast derived from the Jews, who kept it every fiftieth year. At Rome, for the world Church, it was first established in 1300 by Boniface VII. in favour of those who should go ‘ad limina apostolorum’—granting a plenary indulgence. It was to return every hundred years. But what the Germans called ‘the golden year’ proved so profitable that Clement VI. in 1343 resolved to reduce it to every fifty years. Urban VI. in 1389 appointed it to be held every thirty-five years, that being the age of our Saviour; and Sextus IV. in 1475 brought it down to every twenty-five years. Jubilees are now more frequent, and the Pope is supposed to grant them whenever the Church has need of their advantages. There is usually one at the inauguration of a new pope.

825. *Overwhelming sea of troubles*.—Compare a passage in Aeschylus; also a fine speech of Hamlet.

841. *Count of Minorbino*.—Pepin of Minorbino, according to Lytton’s authorities, entered Rome with one hundred and fifty mercenaries, and proclaimed in the name of the Cardinal Legate a reward of ten thousand florins for the head of Cola de Rienzi.

845. *Capitol* of Rome may be contrasted with the Acropolis of Athens, and similar foci of civilization in other empires: for instance, the Kremlin of Moscow, and the peculiar assemblage of edifices at Peel Castle, Isle of Man. The hill is in figure an irregular oblong, with two more elevated summits. On the north summit was the citadel; on the south summit was the great temple of Jupiter—the Capitolium (*vide* SMITH, *Classical Dict.*, article ‘Capitolium’). The first foundations of the Capitolium were laid by Tarquin I.; it was finished by Tarquin II. in B. C. 221. It was burnt down under Vitellius, and rebuilt by Vespasian: a second time it was destroyed by lightning under Titus, and rebuilt by Domitian. It, in later times, served as a city hall for Rome.

851. *A cot by the Tiber.*—Opposite the Insula Sacra the Tiber divides into two arms. The cot here mentioned was up the stream. This river had a disagreeable habit of overflowing its banks (*vide* HORACE, *Carmina*, I. 2).

866. *Kindling eye :*

‘Thus one by one kindling each other’s fire,
Till all inflamed, they all in one agree.’

877. *Allemagne.*—The ancient inhabitants of Germany were called *Allemanni*. Its limits were more confined than those we are accustomed now to identify with the German races.

878. *Prague.*—This city will always be associated with a certain memorable historical event (*vide* Cox’s *History of the House of Austria*, ch. 103), in the memories of those who have a certain scope of musical experience. The music alluded to is not quite after the style of Wagner!

901. *Avignon.*—This city did not at that time belong to France.

902. *Laura’s tomb.*—Hugh de Sade and his wife, whom Petrarch tried to elevate with a species of Platonic love, are both buried in the Church of the Cordeliers at Avignon. Laura’s tomb is said to be very much defaced: when the ‘æsthetic’ movement has arrived at a code, perhaps something may be done for Laura! No allusion to the ‘Laura’ of the monks commented on by Gibbon.

909. *Cicero.*—Very likely Rienzi would study the *In Catilinam* with peculiar pleasure. What a pity he could not read the *De Corona*—his political position resembled greatly in some aspects that of Demosthenes, as opposed to Aeschines.

910. *Hannibal.*—Some of the finest passages, some of the grandest speeches in Livy, are assigned to the Carthaginian champion, who, as Mr. Collins remarks, becomes the hero of the tale. One of the grandest

passages of historic description ever written by any historian in any age describes the delight of the veterans at the sight of Hamilcar's son. (*Livy*, XXI. 4, 7, 11 to end of XXI.): also for the great Italian campaign, XXII.—XXIX. 52.

912. Publius Scipio, whose successes in Africa recalled Hannibal from Italy to the defence of Carthage: the two great generals met at Zama for the first time, and Hannibal's raw levies were completely defeated. Both these eminent men were disgracefully treated by their fellow-citizens, and both died in exile. According to Lord Lytton such rewards are to be expected by the philanthropist or patriot, the demagogue and the scientist (cf. *Last of the Barons*, one of the headings to a chapter).

914. *Petrarch*.—Hallam (*Middle Ages*, ch. ix.) gives a short sketch of Petrarch's moral character, and quotes an important passage from the dialogues with St. Augustin to prove the nature of his love for Laura. Clement VI. bestowed several sinecure benefices on Petrarch, and made him apostolical secretary: he was continued in this office by Innocent VI. In 1343 he was crowned as poet laureate at the Capitol.

916. *Virgil*.—During the dark ages, from the sixth to the eleventh century, the study of the great classical authors, especially the poets, was almost forbidden. In the fourteenth century a revival took place. Louis IV. (as Hallam narrates) formed a public library at Paris: only four classical manuscripts were in it—Cicero, Ovid, Lucan, Boethius. Books were, however, more plentiful in Italy. Niccolo Niccoli bequeathed a library of eight hundred volumes to the republic of Florence.

917. *Horace*.—So great is the number of admiring English travellers that visit the site of Horace's old farm at Ustica, that the resident peasantry believe Horace to have been an Englishman (*vide*

letter by Mr. Dennis: Milman's *Horace*: quoted by Mr. Collins in his *Sketch of Horace*, p. 69).

956. *Frequency of revolutions at Rome*.—'In any state where complaints of misrule are well founded, fertile, and habitual, the true disease consists in the moral and intellectual debasement of the sufferers; and the true remedy consists in whatever tends to elevate their character, and so to render their good government practicable. No men and no society of men ever bemoaned themselves into self-respect or into the sympathy of others. The flatterers of Demos will always encourage his complaints; . . . it is also an emphatic, though unconscious, proclamation of his own unworthiness.' — STEPHEN, *Lectures on History*, vol. I. p. 342.

950. *Suspicion*.—Compare characteristically:—

'Though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate.'

—MILTON.

'Suspicious amongst thoughts are like bats among birds,
they ever fly by twilight.—*Bacon's Essays*.

950. *Clement VI.*—For an account of the career of this pontiff, whose fame is overshadowed by that of the fifth and seventh bearing it, may be found in Ranke. Machiavelli (*History of Florence*, I. ch. I) gives some brief remarks on the period of Rienzi.

975. 'In the darkness of the middle ages, the appellations of senators, of consuls, and of the sons of consuls, may sometimes be discovered. They were bestowed by the emperors, or assumed by the most powerful citizens.' Among the Greeks, French, and Germans the titles 'consul' and 'senator' signify no more than 'count' or 'lord.' *Vide* GIBBON, vol. XII. ch. 69.

1009. *Apulian steeds*.—Very good horses came from the country around Tarentum.

1019. *Flashes on their sight*.—Compare :—

‘They flash out sometimes into an irregular greatness of thought.’—FELTON.

The æsthetic effects are similar !

1024. *Scars of care*.—Compare :—

‘No soft delicious air
To heal the scars of these corrosive fires
Shall breathe her balm.’

—MILTON.

It is a question as to the origin of the pain and the actual nature of the fires, which forbids expansion !

1024. *Ambition flashed*.—Compare some verses of Byron, quoted by Lord Beaconsfield in his *Alroy* :—

‘He rose in beauty, like the morn
Which dawns upon our Syrian skies :
Ambition flashed forth from his form ;
Dark passion sparkled in his eyes.’

I quote from memory.

1037. *His destined pyre*.—‘The phoenix to his pyre.’—LYTTON. The ancients speak of this bird as single, or the only one of its kind. They describe it as of the size of the eagle : its head finely crested with beautiful plumage, its neck covered with feathers of a golden colour, and the rest of its body purple, only the tail white, and its eyes shining like stars. Its life was evidently a ‘good’ one, for they say it lived five hundred years in the wilderness ; that when thus advanced, it builds its own pyre, kindles it by wafting its wings over the dry wood, and then burns itself. From the ashes a worm arises, which grows into a phoenix. (Compare Tacitus, *Annals*, VI. 28.) Here an account is given of its visit to Egypt. Ausonius makes its life last 69,984

years. An ingenious author suggests that the phoenix is a myth by which the Egyptians symbolized comets, and adduces some interesting myths to support his theory.

1049. *Icy marl*.—The epithet might be questioned, if not used, in a limitative sense as to the condition rather than the properties of the substance.

1060. *Reflected light*.—A great man on the executive imparts his soul to his subordinates and to his nation. A great author well says that the soul of Pitt flashed through the dying eyes of Wolf in the hour of victory. A great sovereign is generally served by great commanders and statesmen, and adored by great poets.

1073. *Horn of plenty*.—Cornucopia, a horn granted by Jupiter to the goat Amalthea, his nurse, out of which proceeded plenty of all things.

1075. *Statesman* :

‘The corruption of a poet is the generation of a statesman.’—POPE.

In a noble passage of the *De Corona*, Demosthenes defines the difference between a statesman and a pettifogger (Dindorf, ed. 1846, par. 241–244) :—

‘Ο γὰρ σύμβουλος καὶ ὁ συκοφάντης, οὐδὲ τῶν ἄλλων
δὲν εἰκοτῆς, ἐν τούτῳ πλείστον ἀλλήλων διαφέρουσιν· ὁ μὲν
γε πρὸ τῶν πραγμάτων γνώμην ἀποφαίνεται, &c.

Another very fine passage in the oration occurs later on, defining the responsibility of a statesman.

1087. *Hecatomb*.—Compare :—

‘Her triumphant sons in war succeed,
And slaughtered hecatombs around them bleed.’

—ADDISON.

Pythagoras is said to have sacrificed a hecatomb of one hundred cattle to the muses in gratitude for the discovery of the demonstration of Euclid I. 47.

1128. *Montreal*.—Among other great captains of free companies may be mentioned Sir John Hawkwood, whom Hallam elevates to a great general.

1215. *Lorded high*.—Compare:—

‘I see them lording it in London streets.’

—SHAKESPEARE.

1234. *Passion slumbers*.—Compare the noble passage from Burke, which the text does not with the context contradict:—

‘In doing good we are generally cold and languid and sluggish; and of all things afraid of being too much in the right. But the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished with a bold, masterly hand; touched, as they are, with the spirit of those vehement passions that call forth all our energies whenever we oppress and persecute.’

1237. *Treacherous cunning*.—Compare:—

‘Those same treacherous vile.’—SPENSER.

1269. *Roman legion*.—Gibbon, in the first chapter of his great work, gives a luminous sketch of the Roman legion at various periods. The legionaries were armed in mail; besides a lighter spear, each had a pilum—a ponderous javelin, six feet long, terminated by a massy, triangular point of steel of eighteen inches. His sword was a short, well-tempered, double-edged Spanish blade.

The numbers of the legions varied: in the time of Romulus a legion consisted of three thousand men; under Scipio, about four thousand

two hundred infantry; until the time of Marius from five thousand to five thousand two hundred. For some centuries after the time of Marius the numbers varied from five thousand two hundred to six thousand. Under the later emperors the legions sank in number and force. After the time of Constantine the legions were divided into palatine and provincial: favours were lavished on the former to the detriment of the latter.

Rienzi tried to recreate one legion—perhaps of six thousand footmen.

1283. *Sullen peasants*.—Sullen in the sense of sluggish discontent at forced labour. Compare:—

‘If we sit down sullen and inactive, in expectation that God should do all, we shall find ourselves deceived.’—
SAMUEL ROGERS.

1296. *Contented spite*.—It may be argued that contentment cannot, in the most degraded nature, arise from gratified spite. Yet Jeremiah Bentham classifies malevolence among his *simple* pleasures.

1315. *Loathsome task*.—Loathsome is here intended to imply rather what is against the inclination than what is detestable and abhorred; though of course in a secondary sense these meanings would be suitable.

1320. *Hope hides her face*.—Compare:—

‘Sweet hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee
We are not where or what we be;
But what and where we would be: thus art thou
Our absent presence and our future now.’

—CRAWSHAW.

1352. *Gorgeous ceilings*.—Those of Roman houses were very elaborate, the interstices between the numerous cross-beams being adorned with carving and painting.

1365. *Charon's stream*.—The Styx, across which the shades of the dead had to pass in a boat ferried by Charon. Those who had not received the rites of sepulchre had to wander along the banks for one hundred years. The author here begs poetical license; and, if that is not granted, pleads that Rienzi received public cremation.

Many of Lucian's most amusing dialogues relate to Charon and Mercury, and the payments of toll by passengers.

1370. *Genius*.—Compare:—

'All great men are to some degree inspired.'—CICERO.

'Genius was not made to be envied.'—LYTTON, *Rienzi*.

The ancients personified the genius of a man into a spirit which lived and died with him. Compare the phrase 'Genus Populi Romani,' found on medals. Plutarch attributes the cessation of oracular inspiration to the death of the genii, and their non-restoration to a degrading race.

1380. *Hydra*.—Dr. Smith (*Dict. of Antiquities*, sub art.) gives a very good representation of the struggle between Hercules and the Hydra, as depicted on a marble from Naples.

This monster had nine heads, and ravaged the country of Lernae, near Argos, in Greece. One of its heads was immortal. Hercules cut off its heads, or rather struck them off with his club. In the place of the one, two sprang up each time. So he finally burned away the eight heads, and hid the ninth, or immortal one, under a huge rock.

1382. *Ares—the iron brood*.—Compare the legend of the Argonautae, well related in the fourth Pythian ode of Pindar.

1383. Compare Filiacaja.

1384. England in the reign of James II. For a fine picture of her condition, as depicted respectively by a Protestant and Catholic historian, compare Macaulay, *History of England*, ch. iv., and Lingard's *England*, vol. x. ch. 3.

Speaking of the struggle between prerogative and parliament, Macaulay says:—

‘The effect of these jealousies was that our country, with all her vast resources, was of as little weight in Christendom as the duchy of Savoy, or the duchy of Lorraine, and certainly of far less weight than the small province of Holland.’

1396. *Padilla and the Comuneros* (vide Hallam, *Middle Ages*, ch. 4, and *Romance of History*, vol. iv., *Spain*. On the death of Ferdinand the Catholic, his grandson Charles V. ascended the throne of Spain. He assembled the Cortes of Castile at Santiago, but several cities refused to send members to a meeting not duly convened. On being threatened, the deputies of Toledo, Salamanca, &c., then refused to vote. The king thereon banished the deputies of Toledo. This step incensed their constituents, who revolted. Don Juan de Padilla put himself at the head of these Comuneros or Commons. The Comuneros of Madrid assumed the reins of government. Padilla then waited on Joanna, the dowager queen, inviting her to take the crown. The king, however, sent a powerful army against the Comuneros, who were routed at the battle of Villana, 1523 A. D. Padilla was captured, the cause extinguished.

1412. *Sleep of Barbarossa*.—Compare a fine passage in Bryce, pp. 180, 181 of seventh edition:—

‘To the south-west of the green plain that girdles in the rock of Salzburg, the gigantic mass of the Untersburg frowns over the road which winds up a long defile to the glen and lake of Berchtesgaden. There, far up among its limestone

crag, in a spot scarcely accessible to human feet, the peasants of the valley point out to the traveller the black mouth of a cavern, and tell him that within Barbarossa lies amid his knights in an enchanted sleep, waiting the hour when the ravens shall cease to hover round the peak, and the pear-tree blossom in the valley, to descend with his crusaders, and bring back to Germany the golden age of peace, strength, and security.'

1416. *Snood*.—Compare the custom of Greek maidens.

1417. According to Gibbon (ch. 42) the wild people who wandered in the plains of Russia, Lithuania, and Poland, during the age of Justinian, might be divided into Bulgarians and Sclavonians. The Huns are identified with the Bulgarians.

1420. *Slavs* or *Sclavonians*.—*Vide* note on Bulgarians, *supra*. There is a fable that Alexander the Great bequeathed his empire to the Slavic race for the love of Roxolana. The Sclavonic language is the basis of those of Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and Russia. The Panslavist movement derives greater force by Russia claiming religious heirship to the Byzantine Caesars. Greece herself alone would prove a good check to this heir, whose political legitimacy is at least questionable.

1420. *Seljuk*.—The Turk.

1423. *Austria*.—Mr. Bryce quotes from Pfeffinger nine reasons for the long continuance of the empire in the House of Austria.—*Holy Roman Empire*, seventh edit., pp. 354, 355.

1420-1425.—*Themistocles*.—This celebrated statesman propounded a scheme to the Athenians, which was beneficial to the state (as he said), but very unjust—and so furnished a paradox which Bentham indignantly, but mildly, exposes as an ultimate fallacy, and no contradiction to his theory that virtue is utility.

Themistocles undertook the restoration of Athens after the retreat of its Persian foes, and joined the city to its ports by long walls reaching the sea ; within the space enclosed the inhabitants of Attica retreated from the Spartan ravages during the great Lacedaemonian wars (vide *Plutarch's Life of Themistocles*). Mr. Langhorne compares Cato to Themistocles to the detriment (the reader may wonder !) of the former.



THE END.



